

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST....BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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WE NEED A REFORMATION!

BY REV. J. GEORGE.

All men are imperfect; and as all bodies of men are composed of individual members, it follows that all bodies of men are imperfect. In expressing the conviction, therefore, that on account of the imperfections to which we, as a denomination, are liable, and of which we are peculiarly guilty, *we need a thorough reformation*, I trust that I shall not be accused of a want of fidelity to, or respect for, the interests of our cherished faith. That in our denominational character there is much to commend, I am happy to acknowledge; but, that there is much to deplore and repent of among us, however humiliating, I feel bound to confess. Nor is it the dictate of true policy to conceal or repress this conviction. Our duty to God and the world requires that we should confess and forsake our wrongs. Human pride, vanity, and self-righteousness may frown upon such counsel, but every true friend of Christ and his holy religion will heartily approve of it. I will notice a few particulars in the character of our denomination which, for myself, in the light of the Gospel, I can neither approve nor countenance.

1. A want of attention to the vital claims of religion upon the heart. It is a shameful truth that this important demand of the Gospel is almost entirely neglected in the denomination. Vital piety, a new heart, and a prayerful and holy life as the first obligation of the New Testament, has very few advocates in the order; and there are very few, aside from the clergy, who make any pretensions to such qualifications.

2. Such practices and professions are virtually forbidden by the cry of hypocrisy, delusion, and mere animal excitement, whenever they are witnessed in the ranks of our opposers. If any of our laity happen to feel the mighty claims and impulses of the spirit upon their hearts, they struggle to repress them, for fear that they may be stigmatised by their own brethren as deluded enthusiasts, if they give open expression to their feelings.

3. An unjustifiable partiality for *one idea*, as though that comprised the soul, body, and spirit of Christianity. I most undoubtingly believe in the Scripture authority for a faith in Universal Salvation; but I seriously question the power of that, or any other single truth in the Gospel, to accomplish what the religion of Christ, in the hands of its ministers, was designed to effect. I do not believe a faith in that doctrine essential to a true Chris-

tian character, nor to the enjoyment of Christ's kingdom in the earth. And I confess that I should prefer that an individual believe in endless misery, and at the same time sustain a character becoming a follower of Christ, rather than believing in Universalism, he should live indifferent to the solemn claims of the Gospel.

It is true that our clergy preach many excellent, practical discourses, but they appear so much out of the direct channel of their labors, and they are so soon left for the field of controversy, that they fail to affect, permanently, the thoughts and lives of the hearers.

4. A bitter spirit of persecution and recrimination toward those of a contrary faith. If a clergyman, or a periodical of the orthodox faith, so called, alludes unfavorably to us or our views, we cry out falsehood, uncharitableness, persecution, bigotry, hypocrisy, intolerance, and so on with a long chapter of indignant terms; while, at the same time, our own pulpits and periodicals, from week to week, teem with animadversions and comments upon the character and faith of our opponents, of the most severe, not to say, in many instances, most unkind and unchristian character. That our opposers, like ourselves, are imperfect both in faith and practice, may be admitted; that they often wrong us may be equally true; and yet it does not follow that we should defile our hands and hearts with the same sins. In the spirit of Christ, let us reprove their wrongs, while we confess our own. Let us remember that we are, or ought to be, striving to serve the same Master and Father.

5. There is among us a contentious, wrangling, controversial spirit, which is certainly uncalled for, and which too often usurps the place of the mild and gentle affections of Christ's spirit and religion. There are multitudes professing a faith in Universalism, who seem to think that they have performed their whole duty religiously, by a boisterous defence of their faith in controversy, and by giving their orthodox neighbors a severe and unmerciful castigation.

6. There is a notorious lack of public spirit in the denomination. The missionary cause, and that of education, is woefully disregarded and neglected. It is true that our publications, our ministry, and other claims which appeal more directly to the personal gratification and interest of the individual, as a general thing, receive tolerable respect and consideration at the hands of Universalists. But the truly catholic spirit is almost extinct among us. There is an unwillingness to make any sacrifices for the intellectual and spiritual improvement of others. And this is to be attributed to a want of vitality, of deep religious feeling and devotional spirit among us.

7. These are among the causes which seriously call for a reformation throughout our entire denomination. We must begin at the foundation of the Christian religion and preach Jesus Christ and him crucified as the mark of our high calling. Impress upon the minds of men the duty of earnestly seeking a pure heart and a holy life as the only character which is acceptable to God and worthy of Christ. Inculcate the duty and obligation of prayer, as one indispensable to the true Christian life.

Urge the importance of repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; teach men that the world is unreconciled to God, and that therefore all men are required to be born again, to be renewed, to be changed and brought into a state of child-like obedience and reconciliation to the Father's will. Tell men to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God, as the first and all essential requisite of the religion of Christ. This is a positive work. It opens an almost entirely new field of observation and labor. It breathes another and a more earnest spirit. It comes not in word simply, but in power to the soul; and, if the denomination would at once arise and awake like a strong man to run a race, and strike for reform and the kingdom of God in our midst, we should see the arm of the Almighty wonderfully revealed in our behalf. Our glorious faith would then shine forth to the world as the Star of Bethlehem above the infant Redeemer, and guide mankind to a knowledge of Christ, and a pure devotion to his cause. I will, for myself, be no longer content with a cold, heartless, and partial morality, as sufficient to answer the demands of the Gospel. I will no longer spend my life in advocating and illustrating *one idea*. I will preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God in its *fulness*, as a great and perfect system; not shunning to declare the *whole* counsel of God to my fellow men. The time has come for prompt and definite action. If we persist in our folly we do it at our peril; for there is a righteous God who will not be mocked, and who judgeth in the earth. Unless we repent and reform, our candlestick will be removed, and then will come the solemn reproof, Ye knew the Master's will, but ye did it not; the kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof. Remember the assurance of the Savior, "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." It is those *who do God's will* whom he approves and blesses, and not those who in outward show, are crying Lord, Lord. And what is the will of God? what does he require of us? He requires that we shall live as Christ lived, that we shall walk as he walked, in prayerful communion and filial obedience to the Father. "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk even as he walked." Who will be on the Lord's side?

Springfield, April, 1849.

Original.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. PAUL,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT A. D., 181, BY DAVID, THE GRAND-SON OF ST. LUKE, TO SEVERUS, A CONVERTED ROMAN.

LETTER TWO.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND:—

Paul was born in Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, two years, as is supposed, before the birth of Jesus Christ. While Julius Caesar was striving to overthrow the republican government of your native land, many of the principal inhabitants of Tarsus had assisted him, and he in return, conferred upon them the valuable gift of Roman citizenship. The father of Paul was among the favored number, and the Apostle was "born free." I know but little of the manner in which he passed his youth. At one time he wished to become a soldier, but in compliance with his father's wishes he resolved to devote his attention to Jewish law. While a young man

he was sent to Jerusalem to finish his education, and was placed in the school of Gamaliel, a wise, learned, and upright man. As you are not very well acquainted with the religious affairs of the Jews, I will say that before the Romans, under the command of Titus, destroyed Jerusalem and dispersed the nation, the upper classes were divided into three sects. The smallest of these was the Essenes. The next larger was the Sadducees. They were firm believers in the laws of Moses, and as Moses had not taught immortality, they did not believe in the existence of angels and spirits, nor in the resurrection. The third, and by far the most numerous and powerful, was the Pharisees. Among them were many men of good intentions and pure lives, but the great majority were dissolute, avaricious, and hypocritical. They, like the Sadducees, professed an ardent love for the laws of Moses, and some of those laws they obeyed with scrupulous care. But those relating to justice, mercy and truth, they openly violated. They could not eat with the common people, they could not eat with unwashed hands, but they could devise plans to take the life of Christ. They slipped back with pious horror, when invited to enter the Palace of Pilate, the Gentile, but they could stand without, and by false accusations and intimidating threats, force Pilate to condemn the Savior. They dare not heal the sick, or relieve the distressed, on the Sabbath day, for fear of violating the law; but after the resurrection of Christ, they could invent a lie, and bribe the trembling guard to swear to its truthfulness. These were the men whom Paul selected for his instructors in knowledge, his guides in virtue, and his associates in life, when he removed to Jerusalem. On the majority of young men, the influences of such examples would have been fatal, but in a few years Paul escaped unharmed.

You can well imagine, my excellent Severus, the feelings of the inexperienced youth when he first entered Jerusalem, and found himself in the midst of the godly-looking Pharisees. Around him were numberless proofs of his nation's former greatness, and for hours in succession he mused upon the glory of the Hebrew State, during the splendid reigns of David and Solomon. And though the ensigns of Rome were set over the gates, yet he was taught that the nation would speedily recover its lost privileges and power, and be able to inflict terrible vengeance on its oppressors, if the people would faithfully observe the laws of Moses.

About this time the inhabitants of Jerusalem were surprised by the appearance of a remarkable stranger. He was a young man, and humbly clad; but rumor said that he was from Nazareth; that beyond Jordan he had healed the sick, raised the dead, forgiven sin; and even said that he was the promised Messiah. The companions of Paul, the moment they learned the nature of his doctrines, were much alarmed, and without delay began to plot against his life. They knew that his success was their worldly ruin, and they believed that his death could alone insure their safety. They knew, moreover, that their danger was great, for this stranger was not only silencing their ablest disputants, but was giving the people an insight into their true character. Hence, their measures were skilfully devised and promptly executed.

The manner in which they effected the death of the Savior, you well know; but the part which Paul took in an affair that condemned its instigators to everlasting infamy, is not known. And, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may reasonably hope that he was free from guilt.

The Pharisees returned from Calvary, congratulating each other upon the success of their plans. The one whom they so greatly feared was dead; his disciples

were only poor and ignorant fishermen, and they were too insignificant to attract the notice of the haughty rulers. But all were not satisfied. Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, and several others, instead of smiling at the brutal jokes of the High Priest and his faction, hid their faces in their official robes, and walked swiftly towards the city. Nor was the conduct of the Roman soldiers more satisfactory. They cast fierce looks at the High Priest, and openly murmured, because they were called to execute a man pronounced innocent by the governor.

For the space of fifty days, the rulers heard but little of Jesus and his friends. At the end of that time they were told that the disciples of their victim, though rude and ignorant men, were in the temple, not only asserting that "Jesus is the Christ," but in his name were working miracles, and filling Jerusalem with their heresies. They were alarmed and grieved. They had contended with many difficulties, and incurred much danger, before they had been able to crucify one, and now they had twelve to contend against. But without wasting their time in debate, they instantly took vigorous steps to arrest the evil. Peter and John were brought before them. I think Paul was present, and with the whole council, was startled at the singular boldness and energy of these two disciples. But, though the prisoners were closely questioned, and did not hesitate to avow their sentiments, the judges were not able to prove that they were guilty of any crime. They, therefore, first threatened, and then released them. The joy of the other ten disciples, when Peter and John returned to them unharmed, was indescribable. They regarded the liberation of their two friends as a special evidence of God's favor, and being thus encouraged, began to "preach Christ" more zealously than ever. Their efforts were very successful. Multitudes were daily convinced that Jesus, the Crucified, was Christ, the Anointed. The converts were of one heart and one mind. Annanias and Sapphira, two pretended converts, endeavoring to deceive the Apostles, were struck dead. The sick were brought in to the streets, that the least shadow of Peter might fall upon them and heal them.

These things alarmed and vexed the rulers, and they made another attempt to silence the Apostles. Peter was again arrested and confined in prison. But during the night he escaped, and in the morning was found in the temple, teaching the people. With John he was arrested the third time, threatened, beaten, and perhaps would have been torn to pieces by the mob, had not the judicious advice of the Rabbi Gamaliel prevailed in the assembly.

A terrible crisis drew near. It more directly concerns Paul than any event I have yet recorded. But this epistle is sufficiently lengthy already, and I must close.

Farewell,

DAVID.

Original.

A LETTER FROM RIO JANEIRO.

The following letter was written in Rio Janeiro, by Mr. E. Fitzgerald to Rev. E. H. Chapin, in March last. We trust it will interest our readers by its descriptive and familiar style. Let not its length prevent any from making the trial:—

"FRIEND CHAPIN:—The novelty of the scenes enacting around me has led my thoughts into a natural contrast between a Sunday spent at home, and one like the present, passed in a foreign country, 5,000 miles from friends and the familiar scenes which have always halloed the Seventh day. It is evening—Nature herself

beautifully serene—the stars are twinkling from their southern altitudes, with a mild and scintillating light that harmonizes beautifully with the gentle breeze and genial clime of these latitudes. Instead of that holy calm which like the Divine Presence seems to pervade a New York Sabbath, restraining some, and gently leading others, we have here Babel *out-Babeled!* Our rooms are fronting the Emperor's Palace, and look out upon the great public square (or plaza) of the city; here, as from the centre of a circle, life is radiating to every point of this great city, of 250,000 inhabitants, one-half of which are estimated as *slaves*. Beginning with this morning, the first dawn of light was saluted by a Catholic chime, from the imperial cathedral close at hand, and the far off convent—sound met sound, and chime answered chime, as if the pomp and solemn mass of the one found a response in the humble and ascetic worship of the other. Soon as we could arrange and don our Sunday dress, we sallied forth to be with those who at least witnessed "High Mass." The great cathedral, with its high iron railings, its tessellated marble court, its ponderous doors, its gloomy front, was before us. As we put our foot upon the steps, doffed our castor and entered, we thought of the Lion of St. Marks, the dark walls of the Inquisition, —but nothing daunted, we entered. Bayonets were bristling around the altar; the waxen candles, instead of growing "beautifully less," grew beautifully *larger* as they approached the lofty ceiling. Gilded angels—which for symmetry, and barring the accumulated dust upon their wings,—hung like butterflies pinned to a cabinet museum; and the very portraits of the Saints, done upon oil canvass, seemed indebted for their enchantment more to *distance*, than from any acknowledged merit as specimens of the beautiful or the antique. Ranged next in order along these high walls, in appropriate niches, were the waxen, marble, and wooden carved and gilded images of the Apostles, and groupings of the Nativity and Death of the Savior; but, notwithstanding some of these possessed all the embodiment of the scenes they intended to represent, yet to a New-Yorker, the idea of that case of wax figures in the American Museum, or the display of craniums in Fowler's window, will intrude itself, as he looks upon the promiscuous and grotesque assortment of marble-chiselled heads and plaster casts, arrayed, for instance, and facing outward, all around the pedestal upon which stands the Virgin Mary, or curiously slid between the legs of the oxen as they stand representatives of the manger scene.

A profuseness of the symbolic, subject to the arrangement of a taste that spurns every approach to anything like analogy or connection, makes the great cathedral and its contents appear more like a crowded "Bonfanti" shop than a Christian temple. Yet, amid all this paraphernalia of Catholicism, here and there could be seen the humble worshipper of the *Spirit*, bowing himself down to the tessellated marble, with a humility and abstraction from the world, that seemed to possess and absorb the whole soul. Next, by his side, and timidly, as if afraid to look up, came the black slave,—his scarred visage and back bearing the marks of "man's inhumanity to man"—dropping himself upon the floor as if by stealth, he prayed; or else, slunk away in some dark corner, he smote upon his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

This last scene, contrasted with the pageantry of Mass, the jewelled cap of the Bishop, the gold-brocaded robes of his brother Bishops, (about twenty in number,) the swinging of incense, and the loud triumphant chant of the orchestra, as it pealed and rolled along the roof and down the aisles, left no doubt in my mind that all inside the chancel were acting a *false* part, if they did not thank God that they "*were not as other men.*"

This is a faint outline of scenes "within the several churches—for here the Catholic is rampant, and feasts and fasts are but the shiftings of a system of religion, which, possessing no rejuvenating influence within itself, has recourse to the same process that a satiated gourmand would pursue when he found self-denial and depletion necessary to existence.

Outside, while I am writing this, negro (Brazilian) troops are marching and counter-marching, forming into squares, and defiling into lines; rockets are shooting up in all directions, and bursting in the air; guns are firing; the Imperial Guard are hailing the passenger who inadvertently passes too near the palace; hundreds of Californians are passing to and fro across the square, mingled with Negroes, Portuguese, Brazilians, &c.; cannon are discharging; bells are pealing, flags are flying; all the stores are open; mechanics at their several occupations; the public gardens are thronged; a bull-fight is advertised at 4 o'clock, and the Theatre and Opera House are in full operation. It is a complete gala day. And here, in this strange scene, transported almost by magic, are concentrated from 2,000 to 3,000 Americans. About forty vessels have thus far arrived here, on their way to California, and anchored in the beautiful harbor. They rise and fall upon the glossy swell like sleeping birds. Nearly every vessel is deserted. The length and tediousness of the voyage has wrought upon the passengers like the winding up of a spring, the first rebound of which begins with setting foot on land. And here, let me say, is diffused a life that is electric. The blood tingles at the first entrance of the harbor, and one beholds in the perspective, the green hill, the sleeping isles, the turreted castle, and the dimly defined mountain, full of hope and confidence. But when the "Star Spangled Banner" is floated to the breeze on every hand, and cheer upon cheer, hearty, loud, again and again, greet you as you pass on to anchor, and make one of their number, the heart jumps in its thralldom, and the whole man trembles with excitement. Ours being a steamer, we came suddenly and silently in their midst. The effect was beautiful. In an instant the decks were crowded; the "hurrah," long and loud, seemed to run from vessel to vessel, like the enthusiasm for battle. We withstood the first shock manfully, reeled a little, perhaps, in the giddiness of exultation, returned a second, third, then again and again, till our voices grew hoarse and husky from repeated responses. I know how utterly futile for me to attempt a description of this scene. We were twenty-six days from New York. Here were two thousand Americans around us, who, since they had left home, had perhaps but a few days later intelligence than their own. But we had made a quick passage, and oh! what changes might have crowded into that brief interval! Like arrows, boats were shooting forth towards us from every vessel, and gathering themselves under our stern, and ranging along our quarter. Almost every one of our passengers was engaged in answering and asking questions. We had but few papers, and the eagerness with which they were seized and read could not be excelled by any manifestation of excitement ever witnessed. The boats from the other vessels were not allowed to come on board us, until the health officer had paid us an official visit, and pronounced us free from infection. This done, we had the pleasure of shaking them by the hand; but it was all hurrah boys. Every one was for shore, and in less than thirty minutes from the time we were anchored, the passengers of the Panama were all ashore, and had lodgings secured in some favorite hotel. And here let me digress, to be a little historic as I pass along. The hotels,—if indeed such they may be called in comparison with those of New York,—are mere epitomes of the

thing itself. Take, for example, our own, which is the "premier" of the place—an ugly, stuccoed looking building, the lower part devoted to a saloon—the entry and stairway, from which, up stairs looks a paved passage through some dark gorge of a mountain—huge paving stones, and ugly stairs, that indicate from the thickness of the plank, that they were intended for mules rather than men—huge doors, that open into rooms without the shadow of a carpet, or anything to break the heavy tread and continued "clomp," "clomp" that is kept up on them,—beds that "dogs would bark at" in New York, surrounded by fleas that Brobdinag himself would have been proud to measure *lengths* with;—just imagine a room with a fine balcony at the window, in fact at every window, adorned with a superb brocade muslin curtain, festooned up with a satin band, a door that would out-frown any dungeon in New York, a mahogany floor, which, for appearance, will not compare with the general quality of Western log-houses, and furniture—none: and you have the "tout ensemble" of our hotel. Dining rooms, we have none. Here coffee grows spontaneous; and coffee is the Alpha and Omega of all and everything. Coffee in the morning, at dinner, for supper, at all times and in all places. Instead of a dining table set at stated hours, and the bell to announce the dinner, as at New York, each solitary individual or party designate their viands, and partake of them with the satisfaction that every additional mouthful is only *so much added to their bill*. For 75c. you can get a comfortable meal, say dinner; for 50c., breakfast, and for lodging, 50c. per night—making an aggregate of \$2.25 per day. This is nearly twice as high as in New York, and the proportion of fare, in variety and quality, is just about in inverse ratio.

Everything seems abundant. Vegetation teems upon the hill sides and down the vallies. The orange, beautiful, luscious; the Banana, like a conserve, melts upon your tongue; the Pomegranate, Fig, Cocoa Nut, and Lime, are here in all their plenty and perfection. Yet the inhabitants seem to look upon them as our farmers do upon crab apples—hardly worth gathering; and instead of tastefully and invitingly placing them before their guests at a well arranged table, they appear only at your *bidding*—as if in themselves too common to make a part of the dinner arrangement.

During our stay here we have visited nearly all the public institutions, and places of amusement. Among the most prominent stands the public Botanical Garden. This is a superb consummation of the idea *beautiful*. The entrance and enclosure present nothing to awaken even more than the ordinary sensation of pleasure at viewing a well trimmed hedge; but once within its precincts, and a scene opens upon you purely tropical. Long rows of palm trees shade the principal walks; a pure stream of water comes purling along through its centre, amid beds of roses, and falls into a marble fountain, resembling very much our Park fountain. Here, interspersed with the rose in every variety, is the Orange, Lemon, Nutmeg, Clove, Cinnamon, the Bread fruit, and in fact everything we look upon in New York as exotic. Time would not permit me to expatiate upon this concentration of Botany's choice "*douceurs*." Suffice it to say it is lovely beyond any conception that pen or pencil can paint. It contains about 25 acres, with room enough to be enlarged on every side, and if extended upon the beautiful plan it has thus far progressed in, must be, at last, one of the unrivalled spots in the world, where nature consorts in harmony with the good and holy of man. It has been visited by nearly every American; is about eight miles from the city, by a circuitous route around the mountain.

We took a steamboat to "Botofoga," a little village or settlement, isolated from the city, and situate about five

miles in a beautiful bay. From thence we walked along a smooth and level road, about four miles, to the Garden. Along the road we beguiled our time by leisure examinations of the private dwellings and gardens, which to use the most expressive term, were naturally superb. The houses are invariably made of stone and cement; the door and window frames are granite pillars, with cap and sill of the same; and the walls are composed of cement, twelve inches thick, mixed up and filled in with granite, pulverized, as we prepare it for McAdamized roads. This, when hardened and polished on the outside, is whitewashed, or painted in fresh colors, and surmounted with flower pots upon the corners and abutments, the gateposts and gardens, which give the whole a truly novel and horticultural look, that seems to invite one within. It is now their September month, or rather the first beginning of a change in vegetation; for here the seasons are only marked by a fervid summer, and a genial, cool, and refreshing respite, like the present season. In the morning we have the land breeze fanning us gently, with perfumes of orange, clove, and cinnamon blossoms. About 12 o'clock the sea breeze sets in, and then comes a refreshing change, bracing, cool, and comfortable, through all the afternoon, evening, and night. From eight to twelve in the morning it is, even now, insufferably hot in the sun. Before eight in the morning it is just cool enough for a promenade, and from four to twelve in the evening it is again the time for life to send forth its issuing stream along the side-walks and into the gardens. Everybody is abroad, except the Ladies. You can view them in countless myriads, (assorted sizes,) from every balcony; but, unless attending church, or attended by gentlemen at some public garden or promenade, they are seldom seen abroad. Those, however, of the natives are very dark, nearly approaching to our mulatto—of graceful symmetry and action, jet black hair and eyes, oval face, and heads uncovered, except, perhaps, with a slight gauze veil thrown negligently over the head. They are all the very personification of neatness. Their hair, glossy as the raven, is parted and arranged with a precision truly *American*; and always, or at least during Lent, while we have been here, they have invariably dressed in black, for the reason, perhaps, that it best contrasts with their tawny complexion. Reckless of their rich silken dresses, they may be seen all around the cathedral, upon bended knee, and their bare arms crossed upon their bosoms, in devout and prayerful attitudes, which, profligate as it appears to an American, is far better, in my opinion, than to have on a starched dress, so that you cannot get on your knees if you would!

I had thought the Imperial Cathedral and Chapel were the climax of Catholicism; but since writing, occasion has given me an opportunity to witness a scene as far surpassing that, as that surpasses the primitive worship of the apostolic Twelve. The occasion was the birth-day of St. Benedictine—the place, the convent of that name, that crowns one of the hills that surround the city. The convent was built in 1671, and is, to all appearance, a fortified castle, having a high wall circumventing it, accessible by gates, and up steep and stony acclivities. Toiling upward, you come suddenly into a green court. Before you is spread out the full front of the convent, with its frowning battlements, its ponderous cross, and time-honored bell; elanging, dungeon like doors; ungainly and moss-covered stones—everything leering at you from wrinkles, and age, age, apparently echoing at every step you tread.

I will not attempt a description of the ceremony.

The organ and orchestra were *GRAND!* the celebration of Mass far more gorgeous than anything I had ever beheld. But the interior of the convent was, of itself, a living history. It spoke from its walls, from its chancel floor, from the vaulted roof, the carved walls, and consecrated vessels. The main building must be 300 feet long, by 100 wide, and 50 feet high, from the marble floor to the highest point of the roof, and from one end to the other, all was one continuous space of carved imagery and gilt-work. We visited the wings of the building, the Vestry, the Chapel, the place for the Holy Sacrament, the Urns for the ashes of departed Saints, the paintings, the most beautiful of which was the Crucifixion, and a sculptured head of Christ. We conversed freely with the monks. The young ones were all jolly fellows, their heads all shaven in a circle around the top.

That day, all sat down to a sumptuous dinner; and *such a dinner!* The table must have *ached*. Every kind of fruit, of the most exquisite specimens, *wine* in full *artillery*, and conserves that made the mouth water to look at them. Seats for about one hundred were prepared, extending the length of one of the wings of the immense building. Roses strewed the floor, intermingled with the leaves of the clove and cinnamon, and as the fat monks waddled over them, they sent up a perfume that was grateful and pleasing.

I have before read of jolly monks, but never till now did I ever encounter the embodiment of the idea. Close at hand was their kitchen, and Falstaff himself could not have wished a place more or better equipped for a *wassail*. It was, indeed, a jolly time. I only wish I could, for once, place you in that court-yard, and then, with the freedom of the premises in your pocket, I would like to follow your progress through these old passages, and among these jolly monks. Among such a set you would think your "*occupation gone*," and before the blaze of this establishment your little congregation would dwindle, in your mind, to an apex next to *nothing*.

As we strolled along we noticed a great many tombs, A. D., 1770, 1776, &c., and several dated back to the 16th century.

After spending nearly half a day in this building, we mingled again in the street with negroes and natives, and jostled our way along their narrow side-walks, in a hot sun, to our hotel. The negro here is the great carrier of the city. His head is the fulcrum of all movement. He carries their water on his head, their provisions, coffee, hides; in fact, he is their horse, cart, and driver—he is all. In the morning may be seen twenty to fifty, each with a bag of coffee on his head, upon a full trot, and keeping time to a peculiar sort of chant, loading up a vessel; then another party with hides, another with water, fruit, and, in fact, dirt. Everything is done by head-work, and everything goes merry as a song. The city is supplied with pure and excellent water, by means of an aqueduct from the top of a high mountain peak in the vicinity. This is distributed all over the city, at fountains called 'Caricoca.' Here the slaves fill their tanks morning and evening, and from these points they diverge to all parts of the city. The best of slaves are valued at about \$500,—from this sum down to \$250. They are stout, well-formed, and healthy, very cleanly, and apparently happy. But they are slaves; and, as slaves, they are but specimens of physical capacity. This place is full of the beautiful, and I have already doubled my original

intention, therefore you will excuse me if I say good bye. We sail to-morrow. Truly yours,
E. FITZGERALD.

Original.

MINUTES OF THE PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATION.

SESSION OF 1849.

1. Met pursuant to adjournment, at the Callowhill-st. Church, on Wednesday Evening, May 2d, 1849.
2. Chose Br. Wm. B. Fairchild Moderator, and J. W. McMaster, Clerk.
3. United in prayer with Br. A. C. Thomas.
4. Minutes of last Session read, and unanimously approved.
5. Committee on Ordination reported, having conferred Ordination on Br. J. T. Carney, according to a resolution of last Session, but that no other applications had been received.
6. Committee of Discipline reported, "No cause of complaint."
7. Brs. Thomas and Ashton, clerical, and Brs. Dallet, Hagaman and Marsden, lay, were chosen Delegates to the State Convention.
8. Voted, That said Delegates have power to fill all vacancies that may occur in their body.
9. Voted, That all the ministers in full fellowship within the bounds of the Association, be the Committee on Fellowship and Ordination.
10. Chose Brs. Fairchild, Slater, and Hagaman, Committee of Discipline for the ensuing year.
11. Chose Br. Samuel Ashton Standing Clerk.
12. Chose Br. A. C. Thomas a Committee to attend the next session of the Union Association, and propose a union of this body with that.
13. The Clerk was directed to prepare the Minutes and send them for publication in the Christian Messenger and Boston Trumpet.
14. Adjourned, to meet at a time and place to be selected by the Standing Clerk.

WM. B. FAIRCHILD, *Moderator*.

J. W. McMASTER, *Clerk*.

DELEGATES.

CLERICAL.—A. C. Thomas, S. Ashton, M. Roberts, J. W. McMaster.

LAY.—W. B. Fairchild, Charles H. Cheney, Lombard street; W. G. Hagaman, Lewis Ourp, Jr., Callowhill street; Wm. Pritchard, Br. Slater, Kensington.

Original.

THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION.
NUMBER THREE.

BY REV. F. M. ALVORD.

"And are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection."—Luke 20 36.

The resurrection will effect a great moral change in the condition of our whole race. It will place man beyond the reach of sin and temptation, and surround him with influences that will continually draw him onward and upward in the path of glory, honor, and immortal felicity. And this sublime work will be accomplished for our whole race. All that die in Adam shall be made alive in Christ, and through the resurrection shall become the children of God.

The great Apostle distinctly teaches this doctrine, in his epistle to the Romans. "For the creature (creation) was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason

of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature (creation) itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." We are here taught how the moral creation are to enjoy the glorious liberty of the Father's children. It is by being the children of the resurrection, expressed by being delivered from the bondage of corruption. And this deliverance is to be experienced by our whole race. The whole groaning creation, all that were made subject to bondage, shall, according to the Apostle, be delivered into the glorious liberty of the children of God. May we not, then, safely believe, that in the resurrection all souls will be prepared to enter upon that high and exalted state of being, where all is knowledge, with no clouds of darkness; all virtue, with no contaminations of vice; all life, without the devastations of death.

Look at the reasonableness of this view of the resurrection. Man is a compound being. He has an animal organization, and a moral nature. Paul represents the two by the law in the members and the law of the mind. The law in the members is the animal nature of man, the law of the mind his moral and intellectual nature. Now, there is a constant warfare between these two natures of man. The animal propensities, though of themselves right and proper, yet by abuse they degrade the moral nature, keep the soul in bondage, and make man a slave to that worst and most tyrannical of all oppressors, sin. On the other hand, our moral natures, guided by the intellectual faculties, are constantly striving for the mastery—are continually calling upon man to arise, to be a freeman, to go on in the work of reformation, of moral progress, until a complete victory is won. The Apostle speaks of this moral conflict in the following language: "But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

What I would now say, is this: That in the resurrection world, man's animal organization, so essential to his existence on earth, will not war with his moral nature, from the fact that the law in the members will then be destroyed. The lower order of faculties are of an earthly origin, and are designed for an earthly existence; consequently, when all mankind shall bear the image of the heavenly, as they do here the image of the earthly—when all shall be made alive in Christ, the animal nature, having accomplished its mission, will return to the dust whence it came, while the moral man, through the resurrection, will soar to God who gave it. To contend for endless sin and misery, we must contend for the endless existence of man's animal nature. And how can this be affirmed, when the Scriptures expressly declare that the subjects of the resurrection shall be made equal unto the angels, and can die no more? And besides, too, to assert this would be tantamount to saying that there is no perfect bliss beyond the tomb. It was the Apostle Paul, that eminent servant of Christ, who declared that he found a law in his members, warring against the law of his mind, bringing him into captivity to the law of sin. Now, say that this law in the members will exist in the resurrection world, and do you not destroy heaven itself? If such indeed be the truth, will not the great Apostle be heard there to say, as he exclaimed while on earth, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Carroll, N. Y., May, 1849.

Father Chiniquay, a priest of the Roman Catholic persuasion, has been preaching temperance at Montreal with such earnestness and effect, that in four days he administered the total abstinence pledge to nineteen thousand persons.

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MAY 26, 1849.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLIME.

We cut the following paragraph from the "Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register," of the 12th inst.:

"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—This Divine Institution is the most glorious visible monument in existence. It resembles the ever living fountain from whence a sacred stream of intelligence flows into the ocean of time: It towers above universities of learning, and overshadows pyramids of oriental grandeur: It points out to the sceptic mind, where the fatal waters of the Dead Sea cover in oblivion the accursed cities of vice and iniquity: And it exalts itself into infinite space, where the splendor of heavenly orbs confounds the Infidel in his benighted career of human investigation."

It is said that there is but "one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and this is taken when one steps from the Pretensions to the Practices of the "the Catholic Church." Talk about "ever-living fountains from whence a sacred stream of intelligence flows in to the ocean of time." What says the ignorance, filth, and misery of Catholic Ireland? The same paper says:

"In the days of her ancient glory, it was her proudest work to bedeck her emerald plains with the cloister and the abbey church. Volumes have been already compiled to chronicle the abbeys of Ireland in former days, and yet they contain but a cypher of the number, and a feeble picture of the splendor of those once glorious foundations. From the earliest day of her adoption of the Catholic Religion, the sons and daughters of Erin were the sincere lovers of that profound piety peculiar to the religious state. Hence we find so many records of early foundations of monasteries and nuneries: and hence so many laudatory effusions in favor of those monks and nuns whose sacred ashes rest beneath the soil of Ireland. There is something in the Irish heart that cannot be eradicated, and that is its love for the faith of Rome. The Catholic Faith is, at the present day, as fastly attached to the Irish heart, as it was in the palmy days of Old Ireland, when her valleys and her mountains re-echoed the continuous peal of the hymn of praise to the God of Patrick, of Bridget, of Columbkil, and of their multitudinous disciples."

What has been the effect of all this opportunity? What are the fruits of this tree of such fair proportions and such monstrous growth? Let the next sentence, from the same paper answer:

"From comparative happiness and partial prosperity the people have been hurled into misery almost unequalled in the annals of time."

In but one nation I ever saw is the people more abject, or the degradation more complete; and that is where a less antidote has been allowed to counteract the poisonous errors of this wide-spread Upas tree.

But, it is generally asserted, foreign interference has been the cause of the downfall of that nation. "Schools have been established, colleges have been founded, honors have been offered to those who would renounce Catholicity. Gold has been lavishly squandered through the country." And Irish Catholics have not been able to resist their influence, except in their bigoted adherence to the "Catholic Faith." "That noble race of men, whose physical strength has been considered the greatest of that of the human race, has been so prostrated [by Church influence

—Priestly dominion] as to exhibit to the world, in innumerable instances, the most piteous abjection, and at the same time, the most indomitable fortitude. The presence of famine has compelled the once athletic man, who had in his strong arm the wealth of his country, to go to the door of the proselyte-maker to ask an alm."

Now, what is the meaning of all this, but that *Priestly Rule* has reduced a once proud and mighty, but always divided and distracted nation, to the lowest degradation and misery? And such is the fact. There is no other reason under heaven why Ireland might not have been more glorious and happy than England. She has a larger and finer country, nobler harbors and equally favorable soil and climate. But superstition and ignorance has wrought her misery. "The priests bore rule and the people loved to have it so." Knowing their assumption over conscience and will could not remain where there was general knowledge, they kept the people in ignorance, or educated them under such restraints as to promote their own interests thereby, and thus fasten the chains of superstition more firmly upon the blinded devotees of their divine right. England broke loose from all ecclesiastical assumptions, and fought her way clear from the fangs of a corrupt hierarchy, or, at least, chose one of her own which, however, she has never been able to idolize to a degree of supremacy at all equal to her harlot mother. Cromwell, with all his faults and failings, did a great work for England and the world. Had some such spirit lived in Ireland she would not now be degraded as she is.

Say not foreign control has made Ireland what she is. That is not true. The Catholic Church has made her, and keeps her what she is. British rule may help. But Ireland would be worse without than she is with that authority, wrong, and oppressive as it may be. She is not qualified for freedom. The Killkenny cats are in all parts of the kingdom.

Look at Italy, that other nation, more fallen than Ireland. There the Church has ruled supreme. No Protestantizer has scarce attempted to make a proselyte. Fifteen centuries has she worked with all the power of wealth, and learning, and art, and state at her command. Her magnificent cathedrals, her splendid abbeys, her richly-endowed monasteries, her irresistible inquisition, her multitudinous orders of priests and friars, all the paraphernalia she could wish in her loftiest ambition has been at her disposal. And what has she done but degrade the fairest portion of earth, by reducing the people to ignorance and infamy so deep and lasting that deliverance seems almost hopeless. Her power went forth from the Vatican into all the world, and treasures were returned into her coffers without stint: But the monstrous carcass became diseased, and festered most in its corruption nearest its vitals, the sure sign of certain dissolution, till the burden has become so unbearable that germs of life have sprung fresh from the old roots, and death spasms of the old trunk, have called for surgical aid, for her own Doctors can do no more. France and Austria may bolster up the Head a while longer, but the limbs are paralyzed, the body bloated, and mortification is going on. A "most glorious visible monument" is the Catholic Church, just now!! W. S. B.

BR. C. E. HEWES, we regret that your notice did not reach us in time for insertion this week, the paper was being "worked off" when it reached us.

The resolution of which you speak, about getting something "ready," may be consummated at your earliest convenience. Our thanks are due for the kind expressions and good intention manifested in reference to the paper.

EQUITY.

If we were to distinguish between Equity and Justice, we would say that the latter is the *outward* right, while the former is the *inward* character and spirit. Justice more properly relates to civil law,—equity to moral law. The one secures to us our rightful property, and protects us from wrong; the other aims to secure the rights of universal humanity. The one decides by a written code; the other is a law written on the tablet of the heart. Justice utters its prohibition against injuring our neighbor; equity requires us to do to others as we should wish them to do to us. In this latter sense we shall at present consider it.

I. *As relates to the ordinary dealings and transactions between man and man.* There is a complaint very general at the present day, that the requirements of equity are disregarded in the common business transactions of life. "It is nought, it is nought," saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way, he boasteth. "It is all in all, *most excellent*," says the seller, and when the buyer is gone, he too is apt to boast. The ordinary business of life is done with too much artifice; it has become an important desideratum for men in trade, to guard against the deception of others, while they practice not a little themselves. The young salesman must be a polished gentleman; one that possesses a good deal more of the power to please than of the true sincerity and meekness of the Christian. If he have, withal, a good share of impudence, it will not fail to recommend him.

Now, both the buyer and the seller is equally bound by the law of equity to act truly and justly towards each other. I ask the seller, if he were in the place of the buyer, would he like to have his ignorance or his weakness imposed upon? Would he relish an advantage that might be gained over him by deceit and misrepresentation? Most assuredly he would not. Then, let no one pursue a course, which he so justly condemns in others. Neither the seller nor the buyer should use any stratagem; equity forbids it, and conscience ought to be listened to in this matter. The nature of commerce or traffic is this: it is an exchange of one commodity for another, on stipulated terms between the parties. To constitute a *bona fide* contract, a firm bargain, I suppose there must be a conjoint concurrence of the will of each party, and the law of our land may decide that the bargain is *binding*, however great may have been the fraud on either side; but conscience and equity decide that the whole proceeding, in the case of deception, is fundamentally *wrong*.

To illustrate this: suppose I send my child to buy an article. As children are not supposed to understand the artifices of trade, even public opinion would anathematize the dealer who would take advantage of their ignorance and frankness. I contend we have no more right to cheat a *man* than a child, if his knowledge of the worth of articles, and the intrigue of trade, is as defective as the child's. But the dealer will say, shall I neglect every opportunity to make a good bargain? I answer, *that gain which is acquired wrongfully is not worth possessing*; and it is wrongfully acquired, if any stratagem has been employed, which we would heartily condemn if used toward ourselves.

Here is the law: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Besides, it should be remembered, that

"Ev'ry rule of equity demands
That vice and virtue from the Almighty's hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive."

If it be said that a man ought to know all the arts of the trafficker, and the value of what he buys, I answer; there should be none of the former for him to learn, and as to the value of goods, where is the criterion, when each one is scrambling to set just such a value on his wares as the circumstances of the time and occasion may suggest? Or, he sells according as "he lights of chaps." It is our humble opinion, that a strict, conscientious observance of *equity* would prevent the buyer from *undervaluing* what he is about to purchase, and restrain the seller from *overvaluing* his merchandise. If I have a correct understanding of the principle before us, I contend that no man is allowed to conceal defects, wittingly, in any article that he sells, whether the buyer be a competent judge of the same, or not. It discovers an ignoble mind, and though the *present* gain in the transaction might be sufficient to dazzle so small a soul, yet an enlightened community would detract from his *credit* an ample equivalent. People prefer running the risk of being duped at another shop, to going a second time "to learn the tricks of trade."

We think, also, that equity should prevent us from taking advantage of the *necessities* of others. There are cases in which the poor (who ought to be favored, rather than oppressed,) actually pay for their poverty. To make a gain from the credulity or ignorance of our brethren, is wrong; but to take advantage of their very *necessities*, to oppress them and enrich ourselves, is not only unchristian, but *barbarous*.

II. *Restitution where a wrong has been done.* If I have defrauded my neighbor of his property, and thus violated the law of equity; if I have injured his good name, I have no right, by the same rule, to persist in this wrong. Men are apt to content themselves with the idea that no law can compel them to refund their iniquitous gains. But I ask, are we to be only honest enough to keep out of the hands of the magistrate? Is this the standard of our morality—to be just good enough to keep out of the State prison, and "on the windy side of the law?" The stealthy highwayman who chances to go "unwhipt of justice," may boast of as much equity as this. Conscience, and a deep sense of the principle before us, will teach us that there is a nobler, higher motive of action than a mere *evasion* of "the powers that be." If I have wronged my fellow-man of a penny, and thus practiced a trick which I do not wish to have practiced on *myself*, I am bound by the same unerring standard, to make reparation and restitution. Restitution I would ask, and this I must *grant*.

If this rule were immediately to be put into exercise what strange things would come to pass! Here is a man almost made suddenly rich, by receiving back what had, from time to time, been extorted from him by fraud and false pretences. Here is another, restored to a respectable standing in the community, whom the foul mouth of slander had defamed and blighted.—Sincerity takes the place of canting hypocrisy; honesty stands out before the world unmasked; and men come to abandon every species of iniquity which they do not desire should be employed against themselves. Oh, happy world! if this day shall ever come. This would be "the new heavens, and the new earth," predicted of old.

I consider the law of *equity* requires every one who has done wrong, to make *all the restitution* in his power, all that he would ask in his own case. If one has been cheated or defrauded of his own, he wishes to get it back, and equity demands of him what he would demand of others. The great obstacle in the way of an obedience to this principle, is found in consummate *selfishness*. Men either ask more than they are willing to grant

to others, in like circumstances, or they indulge in practices which they heartily condemn when turned against themselves. Instead of "esteeming others better than themselves," they esteem *themselves* better than all the rest of the world; instead of placing themselves in the condition of those with whom they have intercourse, and acting accordingly, they are governed by the considerations of self. When injured, they complain, and seek ample restitution; yet they conduct themselves toward their brethren with a dexterity and artifice, to promote the interest of selfishness, which they cannot endure when aimed at themselves.

We can only hope for the universal reign of equity when the rays of the Gospel shall have dawned upon a benighted world. When mankind shall be brought to feel and believe that they are brethren, and have one Creator and Father; that His mercies are like the light of heaven, and His goodness as the streams that flow, and the showers that descend in copious abundance; that all men "are created free and equal," and that virtue and truth are to be loved and practiced for their own intrinsic excellence *then* will men learn to obey this rule of equity. *Then* will the extortioner be ashamed of a deed which he will not allow to be practiced on himself. *Then* will the fraudulent restore their ill-gotten gain, and "go and sin no more." *Then* will trickery, and deceit, and craftiness, like the owls and bats, flee away before the effulgent blaze of truth, and streams of righteousness, fed by "the river of God," fertilize the wilderness, and cause the desert to blossom as the rose. *Then* "an unbounded spring shall encircle all."

B. B. H.

JOHN FOSTER AND ENDLESS MISERY.

Much has been said and written recently on the question whether Rev. John Foster, believed the doctrine of endless misery.

We have just been presented with a pamphlet of 119 pages entitled "A letter of the celebrated John Foster, to a young minister, on the duration of future punishment, with an introduction and notes consisting chiefly of extracts from Orthodox writers," &c. It is published at Boston, by Phillips, Sampson, & Co. The "Introduction" is occupied with extracts from eminent Divines, showing very clearly that Foster did not write his views of future punishment in an imbecile old age, or under the influence of a childish and evanescent dream. One extract from the British Quarterly Review is as follows: "In his 25th year Foster had relinquished the doctrine of eternal punishment and was never afterwards a believer in it."

The Eclectic Review for Sept. 1846, has the following: "We reverence Mr. Foster's character and intellect, and no feature of his mind has more powerfully excited our respect, than that depth and delicacy of moral feeling which shrunk from the conception of everlasting punishment."

Rev. W. Everts, according to the pamphlet before us, says: Mr. Foster had the clearest idea of what he intended to unfold, and never lost himself or others in metaphysical subtleties and shapeless imaginings. He never was satisfied with dim and shadowy views of a subject." It is not necessary for us to quote at length from the letter, it has been published at our office and we have it on hand for any who may wish to purchase. A single quotation, however, may suffice to show how he viewed the doctrine in question. "I acknowledge my inability, (I would say it reverently) to admit this belief together with a belief in the Divine goodness. Can we realize it as possible that a lost soul, after countless millions of ages, and in prospect of an interminable succession of enormous periods, can be made to have

the conviction, absolute and perfect, that all this is a just and equitable infliction, and from a Power as good as he is just, for a few short, sinful years on earth. Does the belief consist with any conception we can form of infinite goodness combined with infinite power?" The pamphlet before us contains a letter said to have been written in 1842 to Dr. Harris, in which Mr. Foster says: "I am amazed, to conceive what the believers in endless misery contrive to do with their sensibility, and in what manner they maintain a firm assurance of the divine goodness and justice." We see not how any doubts can be entertained in regard to Mr. Foster's sentiments on this subject. His reasonings are clear, his assertions bold, his arguments strongly urged against the doctrine of the eternity of punishment.

The pamphlet contains quotations from Baxter and other advocates of this tremendous sentiment, the reading of which, as Dr. Adam Clarke says of Milton's hell, is enough to make one shiver in mid-summer.

It also quotes some of the beauties of Rev. M. H. Smith, with the wholesome and searching review of Br. L. C. Browne and the author of the pamphlet adds his own remarks, which places the Rev. M. H. Smith in not a very interesting attitude. The pamphlet concludes with an appeal to the Officers and Members of the American Tract Society. It is for sale at C. L. Francis, & Co., 252 Broadway, and at this office—price 25 cents.

THE LATE RIOT.

Many have been the opinions uttered on this very deplorable affair. Was it right to fire into the midst of a dense and promiscuous multitude? Had the civil authorities any legal right to interfere in a theatrical row? Could not order and subordination have been affected without an appeal to arms? Was it proper to persist in opening the play-house after the vehement, public condemnation of Mr. Macready? are questions that have been freely and warmly discussed during the past week. Now the bloody scene is over, and irreparable losses have been sustained and many hearts are brooding in sorrow over the desolations of this painful affair, we may glance at the conflicting views of the people in reference to it.

According to the ground which some take on the subject, a mob, an infuriate mob to which nobody attributes a very great share of reason or mercy, may take it into their heads to batter in the windows of a private citizen's house and demolish it about his ears, and the military have no authority or right to prevent it—there is no civil power which can call them to the spectacle of wanton ruin, to shoot the ruffians down. Or if a mob should, forsooth, get the idea that one of our Commercial houses is doing business wrong, or its proprietor has said some naughty things to "ears polite" against the craft; his house shall be destroyed and razed to the ground by a lawless and reckless gang of desperadoes. We have not forgotten the Christian injunction, "resist not evil," we know the sacredness of human life; we appreciate public opinion; but we have no sympathy with that tame and mawkish spirit which shudders with such horror at the name of blood, that it cannot see human rights, and human life, and human liberties preserved at the point of the bayonet, or amidst whistling bullets. The attack on the Opera House was unlawful, unjustifiable, an outrage on the peace and order and liberties of our citizens, and the wonder with us is, why the military forebore so long; why they did not put the rioters in *terrorem* sooner than they did. The question with the Police and military was not, shall a particular "star" be allowed to play his part through; it was not, shall the theatre be sustained, and shall its proprietors keep it open on this or that evening; but shall a mob, a gang of exaspera

ted furies endanger the lives of our citizens, wantonly destroy property and trample on all law, and set at defiance all official and legitimate authority? If an armed force should land on our wharf from a foreign port and manifest a determination to lay waste our city, would any doubt the legality or the right of our citizens through the proper authorities to resist and drive them back, or slay them, if need be?

It is so, it seems to us, when such a horde rises up among us, of our own kinsmen and citizens, whether the invaders and violators are domestic or foreign, the supremacy and dignity of the law must be maintained, our natural, civil, and religious rights must be preserved, the diabolical spirit of riot must be quelled, though the offenders suffer death.

We did not design to make any extended remarks on this subject; we close by expressing our sincere hope that two prominent items will be kept in mind for the future: 1st. An arrayed and lawless mob is not to commit its depredations in our midst with impunity. 2d. Should such a scene as this occur again, that every peace loving, and quiet respectable citizen, who is not a policeman or a soldier, will stay at home and leave the guilty and the riotous ones alone to their fate.

B. B. H.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

President Edwards describes the experience of the love of God in his own soul, in the following very delightful strain:

"Once as I rode out into the woods, for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man, and his wonderful great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception, which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour: which kept me the greater part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated: to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love—to trust in him, to live upon him, to serve and follow him, and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity. I have several other times had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effects."

In another place, he says: "God, in the communication of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite fountain of divine glory and sweetness; being full, sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul, pouring forth itself in sweet communions, like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life."

Who would suppose on reading the above, that this same individual, overwhelmed with the contemplation of the "great, full, pure, and sweet love" of God, could believe and teach the doctrine of endless torments? Yea, that he would expend his powers of description and capacity of thought in coolly depicting the horrors and miseries of the damned. It seems that this great Dr. was melted to tears by the love of God. When was he ever "in a flood of tears" when writing of the torments of hell? If you will read what the President has said on this awful subject, you will wonder how he could manage to reconcile his views of hell with those expressed above. He says, "When millions of ages have rolled away; when the sun, and stars, have worn out by age, the wretched victims of despair will be no nearer the end of their sufferings than at first. They will wish to be turned into a toad or a snake, but there will be no hope of it; they will wish for some little mitigation of their torments, but there will be no hope of it; yea, the saints in heaven will rejoice over these unmitigated and endless tortures." Yet the love of God is "great above the heavens," it is "full," "great enough to swal-

low up all thought and conception." It seems to us that it would be about as reasonable to talk of the love of Caligula, or Draco, or any other tyrant or monster, as to speak of the "sweet grace and love" of such a God. What would you think of asking a child to love a parent who can and will inflict the most positive, the direst evil that it is possible for him to execute? Think of the child being melted to tears by the sweet, meek, and great love of such a Father! Well, it is a happy thing if the believers in hell torments can sometimes catch a gleam from the great sun of God's love to make them weep. If the doctrine of a hell only hardens the heart, let us try something better.

THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION.

An American in Rome, writing to the Tribune, describes his visit to the Palace of the Inquisition, which has been thrown open by the Republican government, in the following language:

"I went with the crowd, and at first I could not avoid a feeling of disappointment, and thought that the Government had wisely chosen the first of April to expose the horrors of the Inquisition; but convinced that there must be something to see, I kept up my search. I found my way, at last, into a quiet garden, with a bubbling fountain in the centre, which seemed the very spot for sacred meditation; but around the garden was a low building with grated windows. The rough walls of the rooms were covered with inscriptions, marked with a bit of charcoal—some ascriptions of praise—some bitter and complaining.

In one I read, "Let us pray to God that the good people may have pity." In another, "Take away oppression, oh God!"—"Too long have I been confined here at the caprice of calumniators, without admission to the sacraments,"—"How much have I suffered here!" Here beneath a death's head and cross-bones was written, "O mori!" here, "Scipio Gaetani—eight years have I been imprisoned here." There was one short but expressive sentence in the English language, "Is this the Christian faith?" In one prison a heavy trap-door was lifted from a dark opening, exposing a deep black vault; below in a corner lay a mass of bed clothes and tattered garments, among which I recognized a worn, dirty strait-waistcoat, apparently intended for a female. In several of the rooms were pipes, through which, probably, food was given to the wretched inmates.

In another part of the building a dense crowd was assembled around the entrance to a vault which seemed to pass beneath the whole palace. I made my way through the mass and down the rough steps, and recognized by the light of the torches upon the walls, heaps of human bones scattered over the floor. Others were protruding from the wall of earth at the side, yet untouched, and although it was difficult to distinguish in this confused mass, sex, age, or even the different parts of the body, one at least seemed to be that of a female—and the seventeen thigh bones which might be counted here and there, told the story of nine poor victims.

The excavations are yet unfinished, and it is not easy to conjecture how much the number may be increased. But even these few relics afford room for the darkest suspicions. How many years have passed since these vaults received their last victim? Did he waste away slowly under torture and starvation, or did the holy fathers, more merciful than usual, give him the blessing of a sudden death? But these are conjectures without limit. It is difficult to account for the presence of these relics upon any supposition favorable to the Holy Office. They are found imbedded in earth filling the brick arches which form the foundation of the building, and must therefore have been placed there since its construction—a fact inconsistent with the supposition that they belonged to an ancient cemetery on this spot, if any existed—and it is but too clear from the appearance of the bones, that their possessors were born long since the erection of the building. Perhaps the unfortunate nun, who was found in her cell, when recent events threw open the doors of the palace, might tell us something that would aid in explaining these discoveries. It is difficult to believe that the present century can have witnessed any of the enormities for which this dreadful tribunal has become proverbial. But whether the practices thus revealed date from the last century or the last year, they afford another example of the horrors of religious persecution, and confirm my desire for the downfall of a creed which still clings to the principles which authorized and

occasioned the establishment of this detestable institution. It is said that, in the convent of the Ara Coeli, a Spanish monk was found who had been imprisoned there for twenty five years. When taken from his cell, the poor man was almost blinded by the glare of day which now visited his eyes the first time for a quarter of a century. It is hardly necessary to speak of his surprise on learning that he was set free by the authority of a Roman Republic. "Can such things be, without our special wonder?" It were natural to believe that these stories are got up for the occasion, but some things I have seen, and others I tell as they were told to me."

QUERIES.

Is it right for us to fellowship a man as a Universalist preacher who says Davis' book corresponds with his faith? Or shall we support one who denies any faith in that book, but at the same time preaches its doctrines without giving the author credit? Or ought we to support one who says, he preaches to make sceptics, and that himself doubts the existence of God very frequently and is obliged to bring forth the strongest arguments he can to make it appear consistent.

We have one among us who has said, and done all this—

A. O. WARREN.

REPLY.

We think Br. W. should lay this case before the committee of discipline in the Association to which the individual he refers to belongs. It is undoubtedly a case that comes under their cognizance and which will probably receive their ecclesiastical jurisprudence when properly presented.

Is the man *sane* to whom Br. W. alludes? the "book" corresponds to his "faith" and yet he has no faith in it. He preaches to make sceptics, yet is obliged to bring out the strongest argument to make it appear consistent there is a God! Here is a rare compound certainly. Has this individual a "letter of Fellowship" from any of our Associations? If so, let those who granted it see to this matter. If he has not, we are not responsible for his vagaries and have only to say as Peter did to a certain individual "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this thy wickedness and pray God if peradventure, the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee."

ZEAL.—A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We saw, some time since, the following article in the *Star* in the West. The conduct of the son exhibited a love and zeal for truth worthy of imitation. Br. Gurley of the *Star* says the account is no fiction.

"A very worthy and intelligent member of the first Universalist Society in this city (Cincinnati,) visited his father, residing in Connecticut, about three years ago, after a long absence. He found him and the whole family very orthodox, in the common acceptance of the term. The old gentleman was almost wholly ignorant of Universalism, and as a natural consequence, had no respect for it. Like most persons of the same class, he regarded it as the receptacle of almost every unclean thing.

Before the son left, he ordered the New York Christian Messenger, (Universalist paper,) to be sent to his father; he also bought a library of our books, and made him a present of them. From reading the paper, he inferred that the books were in defence of Universalism; and so he opened a good strong chest, carefully put them in, and locked them up. After a while he ventured to take one out, and read a little in it. He finally read it through; but would not allow any of the members of the family to examine any of the works. He opened the chest, put it back, took out another, and carefully turned the key again; and thus he continued to read until he had read the whole library. By this time he had come to the conclusion that they were not so very dangerous, after all, and some of his children were allowed to take a shy look at them,—and now for the result.

Our friend in this city concluded this summer, that he would take all his family to see, once more, his aged and honored parents. In due time he arrived at the paternal mansion, and after the usual salutations and compliments, the subject of religion came up; when lo! it was revealed that the old gentleman, who so *religiously* locked up the Universalist books sent him by the son, was one of the best informed believers in the doctrine they contain, anywhere to be found in the 'land of steady habits.' Nearly the whole family had become Universalists within the three years which had intervened between the visits, as the fruits of the paper and books; and now, our brother in this city, (who, by the way, is one of nature's noblemen,) has the unspeakable satisfaction of knowing that his venerable parent will go down to the grave without a fear or doubt, in full assurance of a future happy meeting of all his children, and dear connections and friends."

ADAM CLARKE.

The Hartford Republican has an extract of a letter from Mrs. Smith, of London, the daughter and biographer of the celebrated Adam Clarke, LL. D. Mrs. Smith relates the following anecdote concerning her father:—

"My honored father received, many years ago, an invitation to attend the Methodist Episcopal Conference in America; but it came all too late for such a journey at his age. I was with him when he received the official letter. As he read, I saw his soul was stirred within him. When he had finished reading the letter, he handed it to me, saying, 'Mary, dear, read that—but it comes too late. Had it come earlier, your old father would have buckled on his armor, and in God's strength crossed the Atlantic, and traversed what he could of American ground. The very invitation seems to renew my missionary spirit; but I am deeply pledged in England, and besides,—and then, extending his arms and dropping them again, he added, 'I wish it had come earlier, when Adam Clarke was not your *old* father, which he now is; my spirit goes to them, but *this of me* cannot'—and he seemed to look upon himself regretfully. We were walking up and down a western room, and the sun was sinking in the West; he pointed to it emphatically—his eyes filled with tears, while mine ran over.

A KIND WISH.

"The Christian Messenger, speaking of Br. J. A. Aspinwall's re-engagement to preach the ensuing year at Braman's Corner, N. Y., says: May the day be far in the future, in which we shall be compelled to deplore his death." He expects to deplore it some time or other, but seems to calculate that, distant as the day may be, he shall outlive Br. A. Perhaps he may—perhaps not: nothing is more uncertain, even to the healthy, than life."

We clip the above from a late number of the "Gospel Banner."

"He," [the Christian Messenger,] expects to deplore it some time or other," &c. Why not? We hope the Christian Messenger and Gospel Banner will "*outlive*" Br. A. if he should reach his "three score and ten." We thank the Banner for informing us that life is uncertain, but we have yet to learn that one is deserving of rebuke or censure, for expecting and calculating that a man in good health will outlive another who is obliged to suspend his usual labors in consequence of the wasted and impaired state of his physical nature.

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY DAY LIFE.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind, when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat,

even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to own you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

Have the courage to make a will, and a just one.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide an entertainment for your friends, within your means—not beyond.

Have the courage to take a good paper, and to pay for it annually in advance.

CHANGES.

Address Rev. J. S. Kibbe, Lee Centre, Stokes Post Office, N. Y.

Address Rev. John Moore, Stafford, Vt.

" " N. C. Hodgdon, Harvard, Mass.

" " Josiah Gilman, Amesbury Mills, Mass.

" " L. B. Mason, Haverhill, Mass.

" " E. H. Lake, East Bridgewater, Mass.

" " J. G. Forman, West Bridgewater, Mass.

" " R. O. Williams, Exeter, N. H.

" " G. C. Leman, Metamora, Ill.

" " C. F. R. Shehane, Notasulga, Ala.

HISTORY OF AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONS.

This is the title of a book of about 350 pages, from the press of Gould, Kendall, and Lincoln, Boston. The author, William Gammell, A. M., appears to understand his subject, and he has collated a great many incidents relating to the missionary spirit and the missionary enterprise.

The book contains several maps descriptive of the regions in which Missionaries have labored and will no doubt be useful and entertaining to the friends of the Missionary cause, and to our Baptist friends who feel disposed to read it. It is commended by Spencer H. Cone, Daniel Sharpe, and Ira Chase.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

TO A PASSING BIRD.

BY MISS LAURA EGGLESTON.

Sweet bird of the wild wood!

Fly back to thy bowers!

Our skies are so brilliant,

In bright vernal hours.

The sunbeams are glancing,

O'er ocean and land;

And South gales are whispering,

Delicious and bland.

The gay tribes of flora,
The gardens adorn;
Our landscapes are lonely,
At twilight and morn.
Sweet bird of the wildwood!
Fly back to thy bowers;
Oh, leave austral alcoves,
For sweet groves of ours.

The brown bee is murmuring,
Round flower and tree;
The fire fly is gleaming,
At night in the lea.
The butterfly banquets,
On petals of roses;
The dew like the diamond,
In soft moonlight glows.

The humming birds darting,
In sunlight and bowers,
Appear like green fairies,
Selecting their flowers.
Then haste thee, sweet Minstrel!
Come fluttering back;
With wild thrilling music,
On ether's broad track!

German, N. Y.

CUTTING AN OLD FRIEND.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

Many years ago the good ship *Cleopatra* arrived at Baltimore with a hundred steerage passengers from the *Emerald Isle*. Among the number were two young men from Tyrone, who had married just on the eve of sailing, and had come with their buxom brides to seek their fortunes in America. The latter had grown up side by side from girlhood, and were intimate as sisters. The former were no less intimate and attached to each other.

The names of these adventurers were Terence Leary and his wife Margaret, and Andy O'Shane and his wife Biddy or Bridget. The first idea of coming to America had been suggested by Leary, who was a quick, intelligent young man, and had conceived the notion that a fortune was to be made in the new country across the Atlantic, from which ever and anon were coming the most inspiring intelligence to the enterprising and ambitious. He had been during two or three years gardener for an Irish gentleman, in whose family Maggy, his wife, had for some time before their marriage, acted as waiting maid.

O'Shane was a draper's clerk; he had been better educated than Leary, both as regards school and home education; and the same could be said of Bridget in comparing her with her friend Margaret. Notwithstanding this difference, the young men and their wives as has been said, were very intimate friends, and when the matter of going to America was decided upon by Leary and O'Shane, Maggy and Biddy were not long in making up their minds to go with them.

After settling for their passage, and entering the vessel in which they were to sail, their joint wealth consisted of about twenty sovereigns. This was to be the basis of their fortunes in the New World. Leary, who was more talkative than his friend, had a great deal to say about what they would do on arriving in America. He proposed that they should unite their interests, and stand by each other in all good or evil fortune.

"Heaven knows, Andy," he would sometimes say, "that

I'd divide me last crust with yees, any day. And Maggy has the same feelin' for Biddy, bless her sweet soul.'

To expressions of this kind the more thoughtful and reserved, but equally warm-hearted Andy would reply, that while he could lift a hand or earn a penny, the friends of his early years should be as the members of his own household.

With such feelings, and in mutual confidence, the young emigrants landed in Baltimore, where they soon made the acquaintance of some of their own countrymen, and gained a little information in regard to business and the prospects before them. Neither of these were found to be very encouraging. Leary was the first who obtained employment; it was in the capacity of a common laborer, in digging out cellars and foundations for houses about being erected. This was several weeks after their arrival, and when their few sovereigns had become much fewer than when they set their foot in a land of strangers. It was sometime after this that O'Shane got anything to do, and this was not until he had seen nearly his last farthing. During the discouraging period that elapsed between the finding of work by Leary and the getting of employment by O'Shane, not a word was said by the former, who had become reserved toward O'Shane, about dividing his last crust with him and Biddy.

A single sovereign remained of the ten which made up the entire wealth of O'Shane when he landed in the United States; and his chances of getting work seemed no better than at first. This sovereign he determined to invest in sundry small wares, and try what he could do in peddling them about from house to house. In this he was more successful than he had expected; his profits were from the first, enough to meet his small expenses and afterward to gradually increase his stock in trade, which, from being only the value of a sovereign at first, was, in the course of a few months, worth many sovereigns.

The digging of cellars was hard work, much harder than attending to a gentleman's garden, and Leary, as soon as he saw that O'Shane was doing very well at peddling, became so much dissatisfied with his employment, that he determined to give it up, and try what he could do with the 'pack.' He had nearly five sovereigns laid by and was about investing these under the advice of his friend O'Shane, in goods suitable for the trade of a peripatetic dealer when he was taken sick, and lay ill for some weeks. His expenses and doctor's bill during this time took away all his little capital, and he was about returning with a soured spirit to his spade and mattock, when O'Shane generously offered to loan him enough to make a fair start as a pedlar. With grateful feelings this kind tender of his was accepted.

The interests of the two young men being now up he sold out his shop and commenced the business of a wholesale dealer in groceries in general, but rum and whiskey in particular, on Bowley's wharf. He was then worth some ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and deemed it but due to his increased importance as a merchant to assume a style of living rather more imposing than the back rooms and second stories of a grog-shop. But even in gratifying his pride, Leary was cautious not to put the main chance in jeopardy. A house at four hundred dollars rent, and five or six hundred dollars laid out in the parlor and some additional chamber furniture, covered the length and breadth of his extravagance at this era in his history. During the whole of this period he had heard nothing from O'Shane, except that on his arrival at Charleston, the place of his designation, he had found all as had been represented to him, and that the situation he had accepted would enable, if he kept his health, to lay up some little.

The change that had passed over Terence Leary in ten years was quite remarkable. When he landed from the 'Cleopatra,' he was a fair specimen of a rough, healthy, coarse young Irishman, and retained this appearance until he got behind his own counter, at which time a gradual process of transformation commenced. The corduroy trousers gave way to cassinet pants, the coarse roundabout to a long tailed coat, and the seal skin cap to a black beaver with a shining surface; the stout, well greased brogans, that had carried him many a mile, over rough roads as well as smooth ones, were thrown aside, and boots well blacked worn in their stead; they were the first blacked boots that had ever covered his feet. In this new dress Leary at first scarcely knew himself but he was not long in forgetting that he had ever worn garments of inferior quality. The constant attendance upon customers, with the necessity of handling himself the various commodities he had to sell, prevented Leary from making any further material alterations in his every day external appearance, until he ceased to be a retail dealer and wrote himself 'a merchant.' At this period the change in the man was very apparent. He stood at least two inches higher; the reason was, his chin had become elevated precisely that much farther above the point where the collar bones rest against the sternum. He shaved or was shaved every morning; there was a time when once or twice a week was deemed sufficient. His linen was faultless, and renewed every morning; his black coat and pants guiltless of any sign of hard service.

A few years more, and Terence Leary was a man of wealth, standing and importance; one of 'the first merchants of the city;' to his equals exceedingly polite, but to his inferiors, in station overbearing and offensive. A porter, laboring man, or clerk, was treated by him more like a dog than a human being. He had no sympathies whatever with the poorer classes—actually despising everything not possessed with golden attractions.

One day, it was twenty years from the time the ways of the young Irishmen became divergent, Leary was sitting in his counting room, when two natives of the Emerald Isle, a man and woman, entered the store. They were plainly but not coarsely dressed. Leary recognized them in an instant, they were his old friends, Andy and Biddy O'Shane. The sight of them did not give him much pleasure, especially as there were present in his counting-room two or three merchants of the 'first standing.'

'Go and see what those people want,' he said abruptly and in a tone of command, to one of his clerks. 'If they ask for me tell them I am engaged, and can't see them now.'

The clerk met Andy and Biddy half way down the store.

'Is Mr. Leary in?' asked O'Shane.

'He is engaged at present.'

'No matter, he will see us,' replied O'Shane, pushing on past the clerk, who tried but in vain to keep him back.

To the consternation of the merchant, O'Shane and Biddy boldly entered the counting room, the former extending his hand as he advanced to him, and saying in a voice of pleasure—

'Terence, mon! how are ye?'

But Leary fixed a cold, repulsive look upon his old warm hearted friend, and declined taking his hand.

'Don't ye know me, mon? don't ye know Any O'Shane? Didn't we come from old Tyrone! bless the dear soil!—and was't you a gardener's man there, and I a draper's clerk? And was't Biddy, here, and your wife Maggy, as intimate as born sisters? Terence Leary, mon, don't ye know me now?'

The Irishman spoke with enthusiasm.

'Go 'way, man; go 'way,' said Leary, turning his head and waving for O'Shane and his wife to retire; 'there is a time for all things, and a place for all things.'

The whole manner of the Irishman instantly changed, and he drew himself up with dignity:

'Go 'way, d'ye say, Terence Leary?' he replied, 'Go 'way is it now? It wasn't so, Teddy, when ye got the fever from hard work in the hot sun, diggin' cellars, and spent all yer money with doctors. Oh no, it wasn't go 'way then, Teddy! It wasn't go 'way when I loaned ye two sovereigns to fit ye out for a tramp with the pack, and helped yer on till yer feet after the sickness! Oh no, it wasn't go 'way then, Teddy. But never mind; the world is wide, and so good-by till yees. Come Biddy.'

And O'Shane turned and walked slowly away with his wife.

Leary was angry and mortified beyond measure at this interview, by which his former low associates and former low occupations were exposed to two or three dignified merchants, who, pitying his embarrassed position, soon withdrew, and left him to his no very pleasant reflections.

Mrs. Margaret Leary was no less outraged by the assurance of their old acquaintances, when her husband related what had happened, than had been Mr. Terence Leary himself.

'We'll have 'em thrusting themselves here upon us, I suppose, next thing. Biddy was always bold and forward, and never had any sense of propriety—but she will not want to come here twice if she comes once, I can tell her.'

A few hours after this remark was made, Mrs. Leary was informed that there was a woman in the parlor who wished to see her.

'Who is it?' was asked.

'She says her name is O'Shane.'

The color instantly mounted to the lady's face.

'Tell her I'm not at home.'

The servant went back to the parlor.

'Mrs. Leary is not at home,' he said.

'But you told me,' returned Mrs. O'Shane, 'that she was at home.'

'I know,' said the waiter, rudely, 'but I find that she is not at home to *you*.'

'You told her my name?'

'Yes.'

'What did you say it was?'

'Mrs. O'Shane.'

'You are certain?'

'Yes, sure of it.'

The visitor retired slowly, with her eyes cast down. There were bitter feelings at heart. The friend of her early years, the companion of her early trials, the partner of her early hopes and fears, to meet with whom, and to find affection unchanged, had been the dear hope of many years, had turned coldly from her.

'Not at home to *me*,' she sighed to herself as she walked away from the handsome dwelling of her old friend. 'Not at home to *me*. Tried and found wanting. Ah, well! better to know than take by the hand a false-hearted friend.'

Leary and his wife were no little disturbed by the occurrences just related. The assurances of O'Shane and Biddy in supposing that they could now have any association with them, was surprising; and their presumption in thrusting themselves forward, unpardonable offence.

Days and weeks went by, but O'Shane and his wife came not again near the old friends of other days, who wished to forget them. This was a relief to the Learys who for some time lived in dread of another visitation.

In the western part of the city, among a number of elegant houses in the process of erection, one large and more indicative of the substantiality of its owner, went steadily up from basement to cornice, and stood forth to the eye an object of admiration, and a proof of wealth in the builder.

'That will be a splendid residence,' said Leary to a mercantile friend, with whom he happened to be walking one afternoon; I wonder who it is for?

'It is said to be for a New Orleans merchant of great wealth, who has retired from business, and intends residing here for the purpose of educating his younger children.'

'Ah! do you know his name?'

'I heard it, but do not remember it now.'

'I like to see men of wealth coming to our city. It is one of the most beautiful in the country. He must be a man of considerable property to build a house like that.'

'They say he is worth half a million.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes. Like yourself, he started, I am told, with nothing, and made his own fortune.'

The allusion to himself, as having started with nothing, was not entirely agreeable to Mr. Leary. He did not want people to know that he had come up from the lower classes in society, and fondly imagined that this was a secret known to but few. A reference to the fact therefore, was like throwing cold water upon him.

'Have you met him?' he asked, because it was necessary to say something.

'Yes. He is a plain, but very gentlemanly man. There is nothing ostentatious about him; nothing that marks the purse-proud rich man—no upstart arrogance in his character. I wish I could remember his name; but no matter. It is O' something. O' O' O'—no, I can't get it. By the way, Mr. Leary, I believe he is a countryman of yours, and that reminds me of a first-rate story I heard of him. It is capital! One of the best things that has occurred for some time. Have you heard it?'

'No.'

'Well, it is first rate. Some twenty or thirty years ago, this gentleman arrived in our country, with his wife green from Ireland. They came in company with another young couple of the same grade in society; one I believe, was a gardener, and the other had been in a draper's store, and came to seek their fortunes. A few sovereigns each were all they possessed. Both the men and their wives had been friends from early years, and were attached to each other. In coming to this country, they pledged a lasting friendship, and a lasting interest in each other's welfare. For a long time their ways in life lay side by side; but there were some things in the conduct of the friend of this O'—O'—what is his name? O'Shane!—Yes, now I have it. O'Shane is his name, Mr. Leary.'

The merchant, who was so full of the good story, did not observe the marked effect the announcement of this name had upon the auditor. He went on:

'O'Shane noticed some things in the conduct of his friend, that he did not much like; as for instance, when fortune smiled a little upon him he was distant toward O'Shane, and said nothing about dividing his last penny with him, as before, but when things looked dark with him and bright with O'Shane, he was exceedingly glad to bask in his friend's sunshine. Still, notwithstanding this, O'Shane was attached to him, and their wives were like sisters. They started in the world as pedlars, O'Shane loaning his friend, who had spent all his money in sickness, enough to get a well filled pack. In order

to lessen expenses, they rented a small house, and their wives lived together while they were away.

'At length, the friend saved enough to set up a grog shop, and O'Shane accepted a situation at the South. They parted, and never met until six months ago—twenty years having elapsed since they separated. The friend made enough money in a few years by selling grog, to get into a more decent and respectable business. He became a wholesale dealer, and is now, I am told, one of our wealthy merchants. But he is represented as being exceedingly proud of his position in society, at the same time that he is haughty and overbearing to those in humbler circumstances. With him, I suppose, as with too many others, money, not worth makes the man.

O'Shane, who was a far worthier man, pushed ahead at the South; not by selling rum, however,—he was above that—but by fair and honorable trade. Ten years ago he went to New Orleans, having amassed about fifty thousand dollars in Charleston, and entered into the cotton brokerage business, from which he retires with half a million, honestly made.

But now for the gist of the story. O'Shane had not seen or heard direct from his friend for fifteen years; but he knew how he was getting along, and ascertained on his arrival in Baltimore, that he knew nothing of his altered fortunes. So what do you think he does? He knew that if he came the possessor of half a million he would be received with open arms, and he would never know whether a spark of old and true regard remained. He, therefore, determined to test his friend. In order to do this, a few days after his arrival in this city, he called, in company with Biddy his wife, both plainly, but not meanly dressed, at the store of the merchant, and claimed acquaintance. Two or three persons happened to be present at the time, and I am told they describe the scene as rich beyond anything they had ever seen. The merchant did not know them, and O'Shane, to refresh his memory, reminded him in an assumed brogue, of Old Ireland, and what they had been there, and of their early toils and struggles in this country. It is said he spoke with much feeling,—but the outraged merchant bid him begone, in towering passion.

After that O'Shane's wife called to see the friend of her early years, hoping that she might not be as badly changed as her husband. She sent up her name, and received for answer that the lady wasn't at home; or, as the servant said, not at home to *her*.

It was enough. O'Shane saw that his old friend was unworthy of his regard, and will treat him hereafter as a stranger.

Leary and his communicative companion were walking along, the former with his head bent down and his eyes upon the pavement, in order to conceal the expression of his face. After the narrative was closed, and while smarting comments were being made thereon, Leary looked up and found himself almost face to face with O'Shane and his wife, both with the appearance and bearing of people who moved in and were used to good society. They looked at him with the look of strangers, and his eyes dropped beneath their gaze.

'That's the very man, now,' said Leary's companion, as they passed on.

Leary knew it too well. And he also knew very soon that his conduct had become notorious, and that people despised him for his proud arrogance.

The magnificent new ship *Constellation*, Capt. Luce, sailed recently from New York for Liverpool. She is larger than any of our frigates, being 1,960 tons burthen. She can carry 22,000 barrels of flour, and can bring 900 passengers.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Selected.

THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROP.

BY ELLEN.

One Summer's morn, a lovely child
The garden bowers sought;
His little heart in beauty smil'd
Although he knew it not.

He gently culled the flowers that grew
Beside the garden walk,
Trembling and wet with pearly dew,
Bowed down upon the stalk.

He sought the dew-drops, and he gazed;
They vanished from his sight;
His eye grew wild—he stood amazed,
And wondered at their flight!

"See, father! see!" the child exclaimed,
His heart was crushed with grief;
And bitterly the child complained,
The dew-drops stay so brief.

The sun has chased them all away.
And stolen them from the flowers;
His glorious rays forbid their stay,
Beyond the morning hours.

But as the day drew to its close,
As gentle eve came nigh,
The zephyr sighed, a shower arose,
A rainbow spanned the sky!

The father beckoned to his child,
To look upon the scene;
And as he gazed, in rapture smiled,
And asked, 'what doth this mean?'

'There stands the dew-drop's glorious rose,
A glittering jewel fair!
What fades on earth, shall yet disclose
In heaven a flower there.'

Thus to his child, the father spoke,
Befiguring words were given;
For soon exhaled—the casket broke,
The dew-drop passed to heaven.

A STORY OF OUR TIMES.

A venerable Dutchman, after having occupied all the offices of one of the principle cities of the republic, with great honor, and having amassed a great fortune in the most unexceptionable manner, finally formed the resolution of going to terminate his days at his country seat. But before retiring, he wished to take leave of his friends and connections, and he accordingly invited them to a feast at his house. The guests, who expected a more sumptuous repast, were much surprised on going into the eating room, to see there a large oaken table, covered with a coarse blue cloth. On being seated they were served on wooden plates, with salted herring, rye bread and butter, with some cheese and curdled milk.—Wooden vases filled with small beer, was passed around for each of the guests to help themselves. The extreme oddity of the old gentleman caused secret murmuring

among the company; but, out of respect to his age and health instead of showing discontent, they pretended to relish their frugal fare; and some of them even complimented him for the cordiality of those old times which he had bro't to remembrance. The old man—who not duped by this feigned satisfaction—did not wish to carry the joke any further—but at a signal which he gave, some servants, habited as country women entered, bringing the second service. A white cloth succeeded the blue one, and some pewter plates succeeded the wooden ones. Instead of rye bread, fried herring and cheese, they were served with good brown bread: fresh beef, boiled fish, and strong beer. At this unexpected change, the secret murmurs ceased; the old man became more pressing, and the guests ate with a better appetite. Hardly had they time to taste the second service, when they saw a butler enter, followed by half a dozen servants, in brilliant livery bringing the third.

A superb table of mahogany, covered with a beautiful flowered cloth, replaced the oaken one. A side board was immediately covered with the richest plate and most curious china; and the guests charmed with a sight of a profusion of rare and exquisite meats. The most delicious were freely passed around, while a melodious concert was heard in the adjoining room. Toasts were drank, and all were merry. But the good old man perceiving that his presence hindered the guests from giving themselves to their full joy, rose and addressed them thus: "I give you thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for the favor which you have granted me. It is time that I should retire, myself, and leave you to your liberty—But before the ball commences, which I have ordered to be prepared for those who love dance, permit me to acquaint you with the design I proposed to myself in inviting you to a repast which has appeared so odd. I have wished thereby to give you an idea of our republic. Our ancestors rose to their high state, and acquired liberty, riches, and power, by living in the frugal manner which you saw in our first service. Our fathers preserved those great blessings only by living in the simple manner of which the second service has reflected an image. If it is permitted to an old man who is about to leave you, and who tenderly loves you, to speak, I fear that the extravagant profusion which you might have remarked in the last service, and which is the present style of living, will deprive us of more than our ancestors have acquired by the sweat of their brow, and our forefathers have transmitted to us by their industry and wise calculation."

NOTICE.

The Central Association will hold its annual session at Hamilton Center, on the 1st Wednesday and Thursday, 6th and 7th, of June next. The Societies and Churches are requested to send two delegates each, who will compose the Council, with the ministers in fellowship, and ministers and brethren of sister Associations are respectfully invited to be present with us and may all pray in faith for a "feast of fat things," and the true wine of the Kingdom.

Those from a distance will please call at the Church where a committee will receive them. Let there be a full delegation with the statistics of each society.

By order, J. POTTER, Standing Clerk.

ALLEGANY ASSOCIATION.

The Allegany Association of Universalists will meet in Rushford, Allegany County, N. Y., the fourth Wednesday and following Thursday in June, (27th and 28th.) A full delegation from each Church and Society should be in attendance.

Ministers, and all others who can, are invited to be with us on that occasion.

B. HUNT, Standing Clerk.

CAYUGA ASSOCIATION.

The Cayuga Association will meet in Annual Session at McLean's Tomp. Co.; on the first Wednesday, and following Thursday, (6th and 7th) of June. Let no Society within the Association, fail of sending two delegates to participate in the deliberations of the Council. And let every Ministering Brother residing in said Association, consider himself morally bound to be present.

Clergymen and friends from a distance, are most cordially invited to attend. Our hands, hearts, and homes, shall be open to receive them. The occasional Sermon will be preached by J. M. Austin, on Wednesday morning. What we trust will add to the interest of this meeting, will be an *Installation service* on Thursday. Come one, and come all.

JAMES H. PEEBLES, Standing Clerk.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, send Ladies Repository to Miss Alice Peers, Columbia, South Carolina, commencing with No 1, Vol 18, and charge this office.

MARRIAGES.

In the 5th Universalist Church, Boston, by Rev. O. A. Skinner Rev. THOMAS J. CARNEY, to Miss JULIA A. FLETCHER.

In this city, on the 14th inst., by Rev. C. H. Fay, Mr. James A. Lucas and Miss Amanda M. Martin.

In this city, by the same, on the 13th inst., Mr David Miller, to Miss Eliza Vandawater.

In Minden, Mont. Co., N. Y., April 8, by Rev. J. H. Harter, Mr. Rozell Freeman, to Miss Lucinda Cook.

In Western, April 18th, by Rev. J. S. Kibbe, Mr. Jephtha Brainard, Jr., to Miss L. C. Van Wagenen.

In Lee, May 3d, by the same, Mr. Oliver Van Zandt, to Miss Clarissa Sexton.

DEATHS.

In Williamsburgh, May 18th, GEORGE, son of William H. and Caroline Dunham, aged 1 year and 5 months.

In this city, on the 8th inst., Mrs. Sarah Anna Tryon, aged 47 years.

The disease of which she died was Consumption. Her sickness was borne in the spirit of Christian resignation. She has now found that rest which earth could not give. Those who most deeply deplore her loss we commend to him, who, while on earth, was ever ready to weep with those that wept, and to relieve their anguish by the consolations of the Gospel. C. H. F.

In this city, on the 12th inst., after a brief illness of two weeks, Mr. James S. Greig, aged 50 years.

It is seldom that we are called upon to record the decease of one more generally esteemed than was Mr. G. His Christian spirit and demeanor had won for him a large circle of friends who sincerely mourn his departure. Br. G. was a Universalist, and for many years has been a member of the Orchard-street church and society. None were more punctual in their attendance upon the ordinances of the Sabbath than he. Seldom was he missed from his seat at the sanctuary of praise and prayer. In his death, therefore, our church and society have met with no common loss. All who were accustomed to meet him at their "Sabbath Home" will mourn as they miss him from his place. But the greatest loss has been sustained by his afflicted family. At home he was best known and most fondly loved. It was very hard for them to bid him farewell, for in parting with him a wife lost an affectionate husband, and children a fond father. Called as they were to witness the extreme sufferings which he endured, they should allow their hearts to be calmed now by the thought that he is at rest. Turning to him who is the God of the widow and the fatherless, may they find that strength and consolation which they need and which he alone can impart.

C. H. F.

In Baltimore, on the 13th inst., Emeline C. Mason, aged 38 years and 10 days, wife of Richard C. Mason, and daughter of the late Isaac Needham, of Salem Mass.

In Manheim, Herkimer Co., N. Y., April 12, Mrs. Eye Shall, aged 37 years.

In Lee, April 2nd, Rosalia Jane, aged 4 years. Aleo, April 21st, Olive Ann, aged 2 years, daughters of Jerome and Clarissa Cheesbrough.